

Semi-Weekly South Kentuckian.

VOLUME VI.

HOPKINSVILLE, CHRISTIAN COUNTY KY. AUGUST 15, 1884

NUMBER 65

CHAR. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS
ISSUED EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY
MORNING BY

MEACHAM & WILGUS.
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One copy, one year, strictly cash in advance \$1.00
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"ON LOOKOUT."

ED. SOUTH KENTUCKIAN:

Leaving Chattanooga with a party of friends on the morning of the 27th at 7:30 o'clock we took what is known as the old road to Lookout. Not a great distance from the base of the mountain, where the driver stopped to water his horses, we were shown the spot where once stood the blacksmith shop of old Aaron Hunt made famous by the gifted Alabama Authoress, Augusta Evans, (now Mrs. Wilson) on the mountain side a little higher up on the right stood a building, a residence bearing the name of St. Elmo, a gentleman of the party told us that an effort had been made to name the little village of Kirkland, through which we had just passed, St. Elmo but as yet it had been unsuccessful. Our horses having satisfied their thirst we again wind up the rugged road before us; leaving Chattanooga in the distance below us we draw nearer heaven each step. We find at the top of the road Lookout mountain house, half here for a short while and are told that we should have witnessed a sunrise from this point, the bluish gray mists arising from the valley below, presenting the appearance of sun tinted waves are particularly beautiful. Summer Town is mentioned as a former resort of beauty, wealth and fashion, we reach a sandy road, and soon our driver again halts at the gate of the Park, the gate keeper, a woman, demands the entrance fee, 25 cents each, and we pass in, but feel that this so-called Park needs the magic wand of improvement, which could add greatly to its attractions. Col. E. W. Cole instead of Col. Ball, as stated in the last communication from your correspondent, will doubtless leave nothing undone to add to this point of interest. At the usual halting ground we leave our carriage and on foot with our way over a rugged and wild path and bearing to the left can reach the Art Gallery, and from the observatory, a most exquisite landscape is presented to our view, and one that tourists declare cannot be beaten upon the American continent. Here we are 1700 feet above Chattanooga which is clearly defined before us in the distance. At the base of the point curves the Tennessee. The river has washed the land into the form of an Indian Moccasins, toe and heel and ankle being well defined. We pay ten cents apiece for the use of the telescope, look into Chattanooga, read clearly the time of day, watch the busy moving through in the streets, turn from this to the entrance of the National cemetery and like a Kaleidoscope, change again through the stained glass windows of the observatory; in the language of the psalmist "we stood and measured the earth" and the masses of foliage dim and purple in the distance, viewed through crimson and blue and purple lights make a gorgeous scene and the variegated foliage indescribably beautiful. An enthused young lady of the party having exhausted all the adjectives in her admiration of the panorama before her finally declared the hills on either side the plain in front and different hues presented were just like "the indescribable patchwork of a crazy quilt." As it was Sunday we declined having our party photographed. It was at this famous point that "the battle above the clouds" was fought, the confederates on the mountain top, the Federals in the valley, the thick mists uprising and so completely enshrouding the enemy as to render them invisible, so the confederates taken at such disadvantage were soon surrounded and we all know the result. The pulp rock, once the signal point of the Confederates, is plainly to be seen and also the umbrella rock. We desire to linger but are reminded of an engagement to visit the camping ground of the spiritualists. We hurry back to the natural bridge springs, near this, with a back ground of huge gray limestone rock, is erected a rostrum; this is entwined with evergreens.

On the front near the top extended a white cloth bearing the inscription also in evergreens "Welcome Angels." Mrs. Talbot, of Texas, was occupying the rostrum, her theme spiritualism, she was certainly intelligent and interesting, and advocated forcibly progression, advocating work here as well as work hereafter, she did not believe the spirit life a passive one. She was followed by Miss Zaida Brown, a trance medium who recited under the control of the spirits an improvised poem, with closed eyes, but appropriate gestures, she went through the whole, unfortunately, your correspondent was unable to hear what she uttered so could not decide, as the merits of this spiritual effort. Mrs. M. Moss Baker, of New York, was particularly interesting, and declared in her introductory remarks that she was a disembodied spirit, speaking as she was controlled, her theme was spiritualism and a defense of it, she was perfectly at home on the rostrum, having full control of voice, language and manner. She evidently, if not controlled by a monstrous spirit mind, certainly had one of her own; her lecture was replete with humor, sarcasm and argument, she did not believe we were to take the whole Bible as offered to us, but choice bits that were palatable and suitable to be set before us, she cited

as an illustration having received an invitation to dine, chicken being the entire bill of fare. She found it, "cooked head feet, entrails and all" expressed her disgust in amusing style, and finally made the application, declaring she could not swallow Jonah whale and all. The greater part of her lecture was in poetry, commencing, like a parody on "where can the soul find rest," and disgressing as above. Your correspondent was anxious to obtain a copy of this poem, but was told by a spiritualist that she only recited it by inspiration, not knowing until she came upon the rostrum, what she would be called upon to say; outside of spiritualism her lecture was indeed a literary treat, eloquent and elegant in both language and address, she closed her lecture with a benediction, "May the blessing of man and woman rest upon you all."

Mrs. Silverston, of Chicago, then descended in the audience and gave tests, she declared various spirits present, described and named them. She told us that an old man, stood with his hand upon the shoulder of your correspondent, described him, and said that he told her his name was John, though he must be a relation, his kith, however, failed to recognize him if so; it is said that nothing exceeds a woman's curiosity, so your correspondent with one other lady of the party, determined to see a little more of this spiritualism so had a private sitting, and must confess to hearing some most astounding facts, and some accurate descriptions of persons not only of the past but the now, but forbear giving them to the public. We hurried from Mountain home, whither we had gone to this "Sitting," and drove for Rock city found the route rough and rugged but exceedingly picturesque. We entered by a stone gateway formed by two large rocks, sixty feet high, and about fifty feet long. Our driver goes round to the suburbs and we walk through, here the cactus grows wild, and ferns greet us on all sides. We pass on and enter a narrow ravine with high walls on each side of gray limestone rocks washed entirely smooth. In many places they are 60 feet high and not more than a foot in width. Your correspondent begs to go round the "fat man's misery," an exceedingly narrow and rough pass that leads up to the summit of the rocky battlements above. The party are inexorable, and declare that there are to be no "Lot's wives" in this party, so the inevitable is bravely faced. There are no elevators, so it requires much physical force, exerted by extended hands, and one by one we pass, "feeling like a rat in an exhausted air receiver," from one deep ravine to another, and so on to Rocky City Bluff, and just from this point is seen the wildest view of Lookout Mountain that overlooks Chattanooga. Here are in full view the Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga battle fields. Chickamauga Bluff and Balance Rock are points of interest. We pass Pin Cushion Rock, Noah's Arc, descend the Rock City Avenue to pass through a narrow gateway to find a street covered with loam and well-shaded with elms and poplars. We see the steamboat but do not try to sail, hurry out and look longingly in the direction of Lula Lake, but find we have not the time to see it, so turn our faces reluctantly toward Chattanooga, and return by the new road, and descend the mountain in quite a little storm, which has stolen upon us unawares.

OLIVE BRANCH.

Soldier Blaine.

Blaine has been making patriotic speeches up in Maine. He spoke at the re-union of the Maine veterans at Old Orchard, last Thursday, and when we remember that Blaine sent a thief as a substitute when his country called upon him to fight her battles, his gaudy patriotism is enough to make a horse laugh. Here is his speech in full: "Gentlemen of the Grand Army of Maine—I thank you for your kindly and cordial greeting. The occasion has been of greater pleasure to me in the renewal of old acquaintances and recalling old scenes of civil life than to the date of your splendid deeds of war. My mind is carried back to the winter of 1861, to the excitement of the election, and at the same time the seriousness and sadness of that ominous and critical era. I vividly remember every incident as we stood on the eve of the gigantic struggle. When at last the war-cloud burst, and President Lincoln issued a proclamation for 75,000 Maine was asked for one regiment. And Gov. Washburne summoned an extra session of the Legislature. I had the honor at that time to be Speaker of the House of Representatives. Patriotism was fervid, confidence was strong, and we young members of the Legislature (I was but thirty-one years old myself) determined to do something very bold, something that we ventured to hope would be rather appalling to the Confederate Government. Instead of responding with one regiment for which the President had asked, we authorized the Governor to offer ten regiments to the National Government, and though entirely unused to a State debt, we empowered the Governor to borrow

\$1,000,000 on the faith of the State for immediate use in the equipment of troops. We all felt that we were bragging. When we used these big figures we felt sure our ten regiments would never be used for such a contingency. But it required a larger force than Napoleon and Wellington both controlled in the field of Waterloo.

Gen. Fleming, you far better than I know the sequel. Our ten regiments were swept into the vortex of war before the expiration of half a year, and we ended by sending thirty-two regiments of infantry, two regiments of cavalry and nine battalions of artillery. This, with the recruits needed to keep their ranks full in the terrible contest, absorbed more than 70,000 men of Maine. A draft almost as large in proportion to the arms-bearing population as Frederick the Great levied on the provinces of Prussia in the hardest pressed period of the seven years' war. You, gentlemen, are an honored and important part of the survivors of that great host. I join with you in commemoration of the services for the unreturning brave, for that great host who died for their country and for liberty. No victory in war ever assured so much good to mankind, none ever prevented so much evil.

The struggle is over and our triumph is celebrated with the sense of having reclaimed our kinsmen and brought them back to their own heritage and to the protection of their own flag. Beneath that flag, North and South, East and West, will all find protection. Under its sheltering folds we shall all dwell together in unity, for we are brethren."

A Mormon Massacre.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Aug. 11.—An organization established by Mormon elders, in Lewis and Hickman counties, this State, about three years ago was broken up on Sunday by the killing of all the elders by a band of masked men. Mr. Depriest, United States mail carrier between Ivy Mills and Centerville, Hickman county, gives the following account of the massacre: Three elders were holding a meeting at Conder's farm, Cane Creek Lewis county, Sunday morning, when twelve masked men on horseback rode up to the house and ordered a young man named Huston and young Conder to surrender. They showed light, when one of the masked men knocked Conder down, breaking his skull. Huston fired at one of the masked men, who fell dead, and was afterwards found to be Dave Hinson, a citizen of Hickman county, who lived at Brushford, on Beaver Dam. The masked men then shot and killed two of the Mormon elders. The third elder ran toward the woods where the firing was soon heard. The elder not having been seen since, is supposed also to have been killed. It has since been ascertained that the masked men before going to Conder's house stopped at the house of a man named Garrett, near Conder's house, found a Mormon elder there, and left two masked men in charge of this elder. Shooting was heard there shortly afterwards and the elder has not been seen since. When firing commenced at Conder's house one of the elders hid behind Mrs. Conder and in shooting at him Mrs. Conder was wounded.

Funnygraphs.

Because a man is crazy it does not follow that he is a reformer but a real reformer is apt to be considered as a crank.

Lieut. Greeley was a busy discovering Lake Arthur and the open sea Hazen, that he forgot to look up the iceberg, Charles Francis Adams.

At this season of the year considerable pastors skip to the mountains and give their congregations a much needed rest and vacation from continual preaching.

Phila. Call: I could but love thee when I saw thy face, writes Lilla Cushman. We thought you acted rather queerly, Lilla. That is why we ran.

Oil City Blizzard: Why did they dig up a grave so deep? Is the title of a new song. It must have been so that the old man wouldn't hear the music.

Worcester (Mass.) Gazette: Life is like a harness. There are traces of care, lines of trouble, bits of good fortune, branches of good manners, bridled tongues, and every one has a tug to pull through.

Whenever there is a great temperance meeting in New York, it is addressed by a Kentuckian.—[Courier Journal.] Indirectly addressed, Kentucky furnishes the whisky and the frightful example.

The composers of campaign marches have done their worst for Cleveland and Blaine. Ben Butler has ordered a Boston music writer to compose a walk-over for himself.

Norr. Herald: An American actress who arrived in London a week ago is evidently a failure there. Anyhow, her autograph and portrait have not yet appeared in the advertisement of a new brand of soap.

Burlington Free Press: "What's this thing?" asked a man who was inspecting a music store. "That's oh, that's used on violins. We call it a chin rest." "Gimme one!" exclaimed

the visitor. "S'pose it would work on my wife?" St. Paul: While a Chicago editor was writing an original piece of humor, the lightning struck the shears from his hand. We have just received a late copy of his paper and regret to see that he has secured a new pair.

Burlington Hawkeye: The girl with soft gray eyes rippling brown hair, who walked all over your poor, fluttering heart at the charity ball, has just finished a crazy quilt containing 1,064 pieces of neckties and hat-lining, put together with 21,390 stitches. And her poor old father fastens on his suspenders with a long nail, a piece of twine, a sharp stick, and one regularly ordained button.

N. O. Pic. The campaign is not all mud-flinging. Nothing but cold water will be thrown on St. John, the Prohibitionist. . . . There is no law to protect a man's name when a party of young fellows use it as a title for a base ball club that gets beaten at a match game.

New York Tribune: "A clergyman named Hoyle was so indiscreet as to register his name at one of the Baltimore hotels. Within half an hour afterward no fewer than forty-nine anxious inquirers sent up their cards up to his room begging to be informed if a flush royal couldn't get away with four aces."

Life: "George, dear," cried Eveline "do you suppose Heaven is as nice a place as people say it is?" "Well, really, Eveline, as I have never been there, I cannot say, but from what I hear, the society is very select." "Everything is bright and golden there, isn't it, G-o-o-g-e?" "Yes, darling. The streets are paved with solid gold blocks. Golden bricks made the houses, and only specie payments are allowed." "Well, then, George," archly said the maiden, as she nestled closely to her lover, "if every thing is so golden, why don't the gilly get in?" But the answer came not. He had gone to be a cow-boy.

The Political Tarmoil.

The two great parties have held their national conventions constructed their platforms, and put their candidates for President in the field. The contest will now go on with varying fortunes until election day, the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November (4th). The interest taken in elections in this country is in every respect wholesome. Some bad blood may be generated by the strife of partisans, but after all political discussions are an education to the mass of the community. They teach our people lessons of self-government and self-restraint. Whenever Americans care for other matters more than the conflicts of parties—when they refuse to vote—then will come the downfall of the Republic. There is a current illusion that the political agitation of Presidential years is hurtful to business, but it seems this is not true. Trade statistics show that, on the whole, our great national contests stimulate transactions in trade. It is, however quite true that the theaters and places of amusement in large cities are not so well patronized while the canvass is being actively presented. —From Demorest's Monthly for September.

You can get the news twice a week and more of it by taking the SEMI-WEEKLY SOUTH KENTUCKIAN than you can by taking two weeklies. Only \$2 a year.

The strength of Lula Hurst, the strong girl from Georgia, is evinced by the fact that she raised a \$3,000 mortgage on her father's farm.—Mayfield Monitor.

The telegraph announces the death of Lord Petree, and adds that he was the twelfth baron and left a family of twelve children. Had he been much baroner he would have left a whole orphan asylum.—Burlington Hawkeye.

A minister in Cleveland rode to church last Sabbath on a bicycle. As he swept up to the sacred edifice, a large Newfoundland dog, belonging to the senior deacon, came lumbering out to greet the pastor. The bicycle struck the canine head on, under a full head of steam, and run him down with a shock that could be plainly felt with the naked eye.

The reverend took a header, and jammed his high silk hat down over his ears so tight that he had to crawl clear through it to get out of the church. The scattered leaves of a seven head sermon flew around the venue like a theological snow storm. The dog made Rome howl with his wails and attracted a crowd of three hundred people. The parson's cast was split down the back, and his trousers ripped across the knees. He pinned up the knees, and he had to wear a pepper and salt sack coat the sexton loaned him. When he appeared in the pulpit in this garb, the congregation smiled, and when he announced his text, Second Kings, twelfth, sixth—"But it was so . . . the priests had not repaired the breaches"—there wasn't a dry eye in the convocation. And now the question before the church is: "Should the pastorate ride a bicycle to church, or has the deacon a Christian right to own a dog?"—Burlington Hawkeye.

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